

657. d. 5.
A THE
Spanish Tragedie:
Containing the lamen-

table end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*:
with the pittifull death of olde
Hieronimo.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with
new additions of the Painters part, and
others, as it hath of late been
diuers times acted.



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1602.

Spanish Tragic

Containing the Spanish

Tragic of Don Juan and Don Juan

Newly corrected and revised by the
author and published by the
University of London Press



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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Renenge.

Ghost.



Hen this eternall substance of my soule,
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function seruing others neede,
I was a Courtier in the *Spanish* Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*, my discent
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duetious seruice, and deseruing loue,
In secret I possesse a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweete *Bel-imperia* by name:
But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,
Deathes winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me:
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my woundest
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight
To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*,
But churlish *Charon* onely Boat-man there,
Sayd, that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not sit amongst his passengers:
Ere *Sol* had slept three nightes in *Thetis* lap,
And slakt his smoaking Chariot in her floud,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
My Funerals and obsequies were done:
Then was the Ferri-man of Hell content,

A 2.

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To passe me ouer to the slimie strond,
That leades to fell *Auritus* ougly waues:
There pleasing *Cerberus* with homed speach,
I past the perils of the forinost porch,
Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approch,
To craue a passport for my wandring Ghost,
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my lyfe and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and dyed in loue,
And for his loue tryed fortune of the Warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then sayd *Eacus*, conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our fieldes of loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, sayd *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist;
He died in warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lassing paine,
And *Achillis* mermedons to scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference,
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King:
To doome him as best seemes his Maieitie:
To this effect my passport straight was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night:
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall hartes can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the foresaid fieldes,
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martiallistes:
But either sort containd within his boundes,
The left hand path declining fearefullie,
Was readie downefall to the deepest hell,

Where

The Spanish Tragedie.

Where bloodie furies shakes their whippes of Steele,
And poore *Lxion* turnes an endles wheele:
Where *Vzurers* are choakt with melting gold,
And *Wantons* are imbraite with ouglie Snakes,
And *Murderers* greeue with euerkilling woundes,
And *Periurde* wightes scalded in boyling lead,
And all foule finnes with tormentes ouerwhelmd,
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elysium* greene:
In middst whereof, there standes a stately Towre,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Passport humbled on my knees:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue my doome.
Pluto was pleasd, and seald it with a kisse.
Foorthwith *Reuenge* she rounded thee in th'eare,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horror:
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were heere,
I wot not how, in twinckling of an eye.

Reuenge.

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arriued,
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.

King.

Now say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All wel my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what portendes thy cheerefull countenance,
And passing to our presence thus in haste?
Speake man? hath fortune giuen vs victorie?

A 3.

Gen.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Gen. Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs tribute then.

Gen. Tribute, and wonted homage there withall.

King. Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

Cast. *O multum dilectæ Deo, tibi militat æther.*

Et coniuuata curuata poplito gentes

Succumbunt: recti sror est victoria iuris.

King. Thanks to my louing brother of Castile

But Generall, vnfolde in brieve discourse

Your forme of Battell, and your Warres successe,

That adding all the pleasure of thy newes

Vnto the height of former happinesse,

With deeper wage and greater dignitie,

We may reward thy blisfull chiuallrie.

Gen. Where *Spainè* and *Portingale* do ioyntly knit

Their frontires, leaning on each others bound:

There met our Armies in their proud aray:

Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:

Both menacing a like with daring shoves,

Both vaunting sundrie colours of deuice,

Both cheerely sounding trumpets, drummes, and fifes:

Both rayeing dreadfull clamors to the skie,

That vallies, hilles, and riuers made rebound,

And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.

Our Battels both were pitcht in Squadron forme,

Each corner strongly fenst with winges of shot:

But ere we ioynde and came to push of Pike,

I brought a Squadron of our readiest shot

From out our reareward, to begin the fight,

They brought an other wing to encounter vs:

Meane while, our Ordinance played on either side,

And Captaines stroue to haue their valours tride,

Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemens Coronell

Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,

To breake the order of our Battell-ranks:

But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of warre,

Marcht

The Spanish Tragedie.

Marcht foorth against him with our Musketers,
And stoppt the malice of his fell approach:
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
Both Battailles ioyne, and fall to handie blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th'*Oceans* rage,
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rampiers of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding landes:
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters hayle,
And shiuered Launces, darkt the troubled ayre.

Pede p[er] & cuspide cuspis.

Anni sonant annis, vir petiturque vir.

On euery side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a body sundered from his head,
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons and vnbowed steedes,
That scattering, ouer spread the purple plaine,
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battell made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the Portingales young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encourage them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*,
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vauntes, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forct to yelde him prisoner to his foe.

When

The Spanish Tragedie.

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
Till *Phœbus* waving to the western deepe,
Our Trumpeters were charge to sound retreat.

King. Thanks good L Generall for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Gives him his Chaine.

But tell me now, Hast thou confirme a peace?

Gen. No peace my Liege, but peace condicionall,
That if with homage tribute be well payde,
The furie of your forces will be stayde.
And to this peace their *Vice-roy* hath subscribde.

Gives the K. a paper.

And made a solemne vow, that during life,
His tribute shalbe truly payde to *Spaine*.

King. These wordes, these deedes, become thy person well.
But now Knight Marshall, frolicks with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne liege,
And soone decay, valesse he serue my Liege.

A Trumpet a farre off.

King. Nor thou nor he, shall die without reward,
What meanes this warning of this Trumpet sound?

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of Warre,
Such as Warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towarde your royall seate,
To shew themselues before your Maiestie,
For so I gaue them charge at my depart:
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all (except three hundred, or few more)
Are safe returnd, and by their foes inricht.

*The Armie enters, Balhazar betweene Lorenzo
and Horatio captiue.*

King. A glad some sight, I long to see them heere.

They enter and passe by.

Was that the war-like Prince of *Portingales*?

Ther

The Spanish Tragedie.

That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale;

King. But what was he that on the other side,

Helde him by th'arme as partner of the prize?

Hiero. That was my Sonne my gracious Soueraigne,

Of whom, though from his tender infancie,

My louing thoughtes did neuer hope but well;

He neuer pleas'd his fathers eyes till now,

Nor fill'd my hart with ouer cloying ioyes.

King. Goe let them march once more about these walles,

That staying them, we may conferre and talke

With our braue prisoner, and his double Guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,

That in our victorie thou haue a share,

By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exloyt. *Enter againe.*

Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,

The rest march on: but ere they be dismiss'd,

We will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,

And on euery Leader ten, that they may know

Our larges welcomes them.

Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. Hor.

Welcome *Don Balbazar*, welcome Nephew,

And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:

Yong prince, althought thy fathers hard misdeedes,

In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,

Deserue but euill measure at our hands:

Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honourable.

Balt. The trespasse that my father made in peace,

Is now contrould by fortune of the warres:

And cardes once dealt, it boots not aske why so,

His men are slaine, a weakening to his Realme,

His colours ceaz'd, a blot vnto his name,

His sonne distrest, a corfiue to his heart,

These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balbazar*, if he obserues this truce,

Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres:

Meane while liue thou as though not in libertie,

B

Yet

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet from bearing any seruile yoke:
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me my liege.

Hor. To me my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke the courset by the raines.

Hor. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyd it first.

Hor. But first I forst him lay his weapons downe.

King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge.

Let him go.

So, worthy prince, to whether didst thou yeeld?

Bal. To him in curesieto this perforce:

He spake me faire, this other gaue me strookes:

He promisd life, this other threatned death:

He wan my loue, this other conquered me:

And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hero. But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,

And might seeme partall in this difference,

Infort by nature, and by law of Armes,

My tongue should plead for yong *Horatios* right.

He hunted well that was a Lions death,

Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong.

And for thy sake thy sonne shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardest.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgement thus your strife shall ende,

You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.

Nephew, thou tokst his weapon, and his horse

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld,

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

His ranfome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoint the summe as you shall both agree,
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatio house were small for all his traine,
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armor of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Bal. Right well my leige, if this prouiso were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for cheualrie.

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not that loues thee so,
Now let vs hence to see our souldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two daies (my liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere awhile in our vnrest.
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane.
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues.

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seekes him whom fates adiudged to miserie:
Heere let me lie, now am I at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat.

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.

Yes Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst.
She will not rob me of this sable weede:

The Spanish Tragedie.

O no, the enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the folly of despitefull chance.
Fortune is blinde, and sees not my desertes.
So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands?
Whose foote standing on a rouling stone,
And minde more mutable then ficke windes.
Why waile I then wher's hope of no redresse?
O yes, complaining makes my grieve seeme lesse,
My late ambition hath distaind my faith,
My breach of faith occasion'd bloodie warres,
Those bloodie warres haue spent my treasure,
And with my treasure, my peoples blood,
And with their blood, my ioy and best beloued,
My best beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeeres were mellow, his but young and Greene,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt my liege but still the prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I where?

Alex. In Spaine a prisoner by mischance of warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breech to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransomes woorth will stay from foule reuenge,

Vice. No if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faster still than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Authour of ill newes,
And Ile betray the fortune of thy sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,
Mine heart grone hard gainst mischiefes batterie:

Stand

The Spanish Tragedie.

Stand vp I say and tell thy tale at large.

Uil. Then heare the truth which these mine eyes haue scene
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,
Don Balhazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feats of Armes :
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* that here counterfeites,
Vnder the colour of a duteous friend,
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall,
But therewithall *Don Balhazar* fell downe,
And when he fell, then began we to flie:
But had he liued, the day had sure beene ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie : O traiterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace : but now *Villuppo* say,
Where then became the carkasse of my sonne ?

Villup. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this :
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beast,
Wherein had *Balhazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our desertes?
Perchaunce because thou art *Terferas* Lord:
Thou hadst some hope to were this Diademe.
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke,
I, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

Take the Crowne and put it on againe.

But Ile now weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is second hell,
Keepe him till we determine of his death.

If *Balhazar* be dead, he shall not liue.

Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Deceiued the King, betrayd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Exit.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houre,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate,
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death;
Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
I will refuse this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and sighes I feare will hinder me,
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy Chaulier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
There hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathfull *Nemesis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and worth,
She, she her selfe disguisde in armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus* :)
Brought in fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse, and dinged him to the ground:
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.

Then thought too late incenst with iust remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers,

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue.
But then was *Don Andreas* carcasse lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
Nor slept I backe till I recouered him:
I tooke him vp and wound him in my armes.

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And welding him vnto my priuate tent,
There layd him downe and dewd him with my teares,
And sighd and lorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes nor teares,
Could win pale death from his vlrped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:
I saw him honoured with due funeral,
This scarfe pluckt off from his liueles arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the scarfe, would he had kept it still,
For had he liued he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* sake:
For twas my fauour at his last depart,
But now weare it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserued it best.
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be sure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,
She will be *Don Horatio* thankfull friend.

Hor. And (*Madame*) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
He craue your pardon to go seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your father gaue me charge.

Bel. I, go *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For solitude best fits my cheereles mood:
Yet what auails to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?
Had he not loued *Anarea* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperias* thoughtes.
But how can loue finde harbour in my brest,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge.
He loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdain,

Reape

The Spanish Tragedie.

Reape long repentance of his murderous deedes:
For what wast else but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balhazar.

Lor. Sister what meanes this melancholy walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no companie.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visite you.

Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.

Bal. No, Madam, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then belike is your conceite.

Bal. I, by conceite my freedome is enhralde,

Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if conceite haue laid my heart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed and recouer it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartles man and liues? A miracle.

Bal. I, Lady, loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush, my Lord, let goe these ambages,

And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What boots complaint, when theres no remedie,

Bal. Yes to your gracious selfe must I complaine,

In whose faire answere lies my remedie,

On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,

On whose aspect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,

In whose translucent breastes my heart is lodgde.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, these are but wordes of course,

And but deuise to driue me from this place.

*She going in lets fall her gloue, which Horatio
comming out takes up.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

Bel. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happy time.

Hor. I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismayde for what is past,
You know that women oft are humerous:

These

non-fusion
and gives off

The Spanish Tragedie.

These cloudes will ouerblow with litle winde,
Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:
Meane while let vs deuise to spend the time,
In some delightfull sports and reuelling.

Hor. The King, my Lord, is comming hither straight,
To feast the Portugall Embassadour,
Things were in readines before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See, Lord Embassadour, how Spaine entreates
Their prisoner, *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne:
We pleasure more in kindnes then in warres.

Embass. Sad is our King, and Portugal laments,
Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by beauties tyrannie:
You see, my Lord, how *Balthazar* is slaine,
Ifrolike with the Duke of *Castile* sonne,
Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the Court,
And grac'd with fauours of his Maiestie.

King. Put off your greetings till our feast be done,
Now come and sit with vs and taste our cheere.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest,
Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place,
Signior *Horatio* waite thou vpon our Cup,
For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now, Lordings, fall too, Spaine is Portugall,
And Portugal is Spaine, we both are friends,
Tribute is paide, and we enioy our right.

But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marshall?

He promised vs in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

C

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his
Scutchin: then he fetches three Kings; they take
their Crownes and them captiue.

Hieronimo, this Maske contentes thine eye,
Although I sound not well the mysterie.

Hiero. The first armed Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and giues it to the King.

Was English Robert Earle of Gloster,
Who when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arriued with five and twentie thousand men
In Portingale, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King (then but a Sarasin)
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse:
But say Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.
Was Edmond Earle of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the Diadem:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other suchlike seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath been yoaked:
But now Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as before.
Was (as the rest) a valiant English-man,
Braue Iohn of Gaunt the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare:
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,

That

Robert Earle of Gloster

Albion

The Spanish Tragedie.

That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleasde both the Embassadour and me:
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht,
I thinke our Counsell is alreadie set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast, that gaue me my deathes wound?
These pleasant lightes are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but league, and loue, and banqueting?

Reuengo.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we go from hence,
Ile turne their friendship into fell despight:
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Baltazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake,
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake,
In time the Flint is pearst with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your frindly paine.

C 2.

Balt.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. No, she is wilder and more hard withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stonie wall.
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name?
It is my fault, not she that merites blame,
My feature is not to content her sight,
My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill:
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthles, all my labours lost.
Yet might she loue me for my valiancie:
I, but thats flattered by captiuitie.
Yet might she loue me to content her fire:
I, but her reason maisters his desire.
Yet might she loue me as her brothers friend:
I, but her hopes aime at some other end.
Yet might she loue me to vpreare her state:
I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she loue me as her beaution thrall,
I, but I feare she can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leaue these extasies,
And doubt not but weele finde some remedie,
Some cause there is that lets you not beloued:
First, that must needs be knowen, and then remoued.
What if my sister loue some other Knight?

Bal. My sommers day will turne to winters night.

Lor. I haue already found a stratageme.
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see.
By force, or faire meanes will I cast about,
To finde the truth of all this question out.
Ho, *Pedringano*.

Pedr. Signior.

Lor. Vien que presto.

Enter Pedringano.

Ted. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command mee?

Lor. I,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. I, *Pedringano*, service of impart,
And not to spend the time in trifling words.
Thus stands the case: it is not long thou knowest,
Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue:
For which thou wert adiudged to punishment,
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee,
Now, to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire wordes, but store of golden coyne,
And lands, and linings ioynd with dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demand.
Tell trueth, and haue me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden ducie bids me tell the trueth:
If case it lie in me to tell the trueth.

Lor. Then, *Pedringano*, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my sister *Bel-imperia*?
For she reposeth all her trust in thee:
Speake man, and gayne both friendship and reward:
I meane, whom loues she in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas, My Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before,
And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor. Nay, if thou dallie, then I am thy fo, *Draw his sword.*
And feare shall force what friendship cannot winne,
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales:
Thou diest, for more esteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh, stay, my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the trueth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee,
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue,

Lor. What Villaine, ifs and ands? *Offer to kill him.*

Ped. Oh, stay, my Lord: She loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts backe.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our knight *Marshall's* sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou he is her loue?
And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall:
Stand vp I say, and feareles tell the trueth.

Ped. She sent him letters, which my selfe perusde,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this crosse that what thou sayest is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast tolde.

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heere thy reward,
But if I prooue thee periurde and vntrue,
This very sword whereon thou tookest thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue said is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.
Besides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where these louers meete,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knowest that I can more aduance thy state:
Then she, be therefore wise and faile me not:
Goe and attend her as thy custome is,
Least absence make her thinke thou doest amisse.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so, *Tam armis quam ingenio*:
Where words preuailes not, violence preuailes.
But gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue,
Sad, that I feare, she hates me whome I loue:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged,

Sad,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Sad, that sheele flie me if I take reuenge,
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For loue resisted growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my destined plague.
First, in his hand he brandished a sword;
And with that sword, he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre he gaue me dangerous woundes,
And by those woundes he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his slaue.
Now in his mouth he caries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweete conceits are limbe with flie deceits,
Which flie deceits smoth *Bel-imperia* eares,
And through her eares diue downe into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand:
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captiuate my soule:
But in his fall Ile tempt the destinies.
And either lose my life, or winne my loue.

Lor. Lets goe, my Lord, your staying stayes reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your loue.
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now, Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame:
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughts,
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.
Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments.

Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince, and Lorenzo,
placing them in secret.

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at Sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,
That pleasure, follow paine, and blisse annoy.

Possession

The Spanish Tragedie.

Possession of thy loue is th'onely port,
Wherein my heart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each houre doeth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repayre the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe to sing in *Cupid's* Quire,
That sweetest blisse is crowne of loues desire.

Balthazar above.

Balt. O, sleepe, mine eyes: see not my loue prophande.
Be deafe my eares, heare not my discontent.
Die heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see the loue disioynd:
Heare still mine eares, to heare them both lament:
Leaue heart to ioy at fond *Horatio's* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speechles all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon doest thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasure past and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers, and what pleasures doest thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me:

But such a warring as breakes no bond of peace.
Spake thou faire words, Ile crosse them with faire wordes,
Send thou sweet lookes, Ile meete them with sweete lookes:
Write louing lines, Ile answer louing lines:
Giue me a kisse, Ile countercheke thy kisse,
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoint the field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes?

Bel. Then by thy fathers pleasant bower the field
Where first we vowde our mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our houre shall be when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distresfull traellers.
There none shall heare vs but the harmelesse birdes:

Happely

The Spanish Tragedie.

Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware:
And singing with the prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.

Hor. But honie sweet, and honourable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with iealous dispite,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,

Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,
Aduile thy King to make this marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league.
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her dowrie shall be large and liberall,
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother, here *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enioy the moitie of his land,
He grace her marriage with an vnckles gift.
And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be releast,
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a sonne,
He shall enioy the kingdome after vs.

Embass. He make the motion to our Soueraigne liege,
And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Do so, my Lord, and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere will honour vs.

The Spanish Tragedie.

In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let him selfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your grace to command me ought beside?

King. Commend me to the king, and so Fare-wel.
But whers Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?

Em. That is performde already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes ransom must not be forgot:
Thats none of mine, put his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnes deserues reward.
It was *Horatio*, our Knight-marshals sonne.

Em. Betweene vs ther's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe, Fare-wel, my Lord.

Em. Fare-well my Lord o' *Castile*, and the rest, *Exit.*

King. Now brother, you must take some little paine,
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:
Yong virgins must be ruled by their friends,
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well,
If she neglect him and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours.
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thoughts,
If she giue backe, all this will come to naught. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,
And that in darkenes, pleasures may be done:
Come, *Bel-imperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee, my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why make you doubt of *Pedringano*'s faith.

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second selfe.

Goe, *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,
And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped. In

The Spanish Tragedie

Pedr. In stead of watching, Ile defende more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Pedr.*

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:
And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,

And heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs.

The starres thou seest hold backe their twinkling shine,

And *Luna* hides her selfe to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuailde, Ile conquer my misdoubt:
And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare:

I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.

Why sit we not, for pleasure asketh eale.

Hor. The more thou sitt within these leane bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her ielouse eye, will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame, how the birds record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to *Horatio*'s tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre,
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou must needes be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* reigneth there must needes be warre.

Hor. Then thus beginne our warres, put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foote to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou throwst at me.

Bel. Nay, then to giue the glory of the field,
My twinning armes shall yoke and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my armes are large and strong withall:

Thus *Elmes* by vines are compassed till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,

Now mayest thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee.
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered me.

Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano*? We are betraide.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her, take her aside,
O, fir, forbear, your valour is already tride.

Quickly dispatch my masters. *They hang him in the ybor.*

Hor. What, will ye murder me?

Lor. I thus, and thus: these are the frutes of love.

They stab him.

Bal. O saue his life, and let me die for him:

O, saue him brother, saue him *Balthazar*:

I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.

Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. Althoug his life were ambitious proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo* helpe,

Lor. Come, stop her mouth, away with her!

Enter Hieronimo in his nightgown.

Hier. What out-crie calls me from my naked bed.

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling feare,

Which neuer danger yet could daunt before:

Who calls *Hieronimo*? Speake, heare I am.

I did not slumber, therefore twas no dreame.

No, no, it was some woman cride for helpe,

And here within the garden did she cry,

And in this garden must I see her.

But stay; what murderous spectacle is this?

A man hangde vp and all the murderers gone,

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!

This place was made for pleasure not for death!

He cuts him downe.

Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene:

Alas, it is *Horatio* my sweet sonne,

O no, but he that whilome was my sonne.

O, was it thou that callst me from my bed,

O, speake if any sparke of life remaine,

I am

The Spanish Tragedie.

I am thy father: who hath slaine my sonne?
What sauage monster, not of humane kinde,
Heere hath beene glutted with thy harmeles blood?
And left thy bloodie corpse dishonoured heere,
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares.
O, heauens why made you night to couer sinne?
By day this deede of darkenes had not beene.
O, earth why didst thou not in time deuoute,
The vile prophaner of this sacred bower.
O, poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdong?
To leese thy life ere life was new begun,
O, wicked Butcher what so ere thou wert.
How couldst thou stangle vertue and desert?
Aye me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,
In loosing my *Horatio*, my sweet boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My husbands absence makes my heart to throb
Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stoppt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe my sonne *Horatio*?
O, where the author of this entles woe.

Hier. To know the author were some ease of griefe,
For in reuenge my heart would find reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
O, gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares,
Blow sighes and raise an euerlasting storme;
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednes.

Aye me, *Hieronimo*, sweet husband speake.

Hier. He slept with vs to night, frolicke and mery,
And said he would goe visit *Balthazar*.

At the Dukes Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.

He had no custome to stay out so late,

He may be in his chamber, some go see! *Rodrigo*, *Hier.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye me, he saues, sweet *Hieronimo*.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. True, all *Spain* takes note of it,
Besides he is so generally beloved,
His Maiestie the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be fauours
Which doe assure me cannot be short lined.

Isa. Sweet *Hieronymus*,

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
Syrha, *sirha*, he know the truth of all:
Iaques, runne to the Duke of *Castile* presently,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his mother haue had strange dreames to night.
Doe ye heare me sir?

Iaques. I, sir.

Hiero. Well sir, begon. *Pedro*, come hither knowest thou
who this is.

Hiero. Too well, who? who is it? *Peace*, *Isabella*: Nay
blush not man.

Pedro. It is my Lord, *Horatio*.
Hiero. Ha, ha, Saint *Lowe*, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Pedro. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had bene my sonne *Horatio*,
His garments are so like: Ha, are they not great perswasions,

Isa. O would to God it were no so.

Hiero. Were not, *Isabella*, dost thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft bosome intertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischiefe should be done,
On one so poore and spotles as our sonne?
Away, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare *Hieronymus*, cast a more serious eye vpon *Ahy*
Weake apprehension giues but weake beleife.

Hiero. It was a manure that was hanged vp here,
A youth as I remember, I cut him downe:
If it should prooue my sonne now a leaell,
Say you, say you, light glead me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God, confusion, mischiefe, torment, death and hell.

Drop

The Spanish Tragedie.

Drop all your stinges at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horror, kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,
And drop this deede of murder downe on me,
Gird in my wast of griefe with thy large darkenesse,
And let me not suruiue, to see the light
May put me in the minde I had a sonne.

Isa. O, sweet *Horatio*, O, my dearest sonne.

Hiero. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe.
Sweet louely rose, ill pluckt before thy time:
Faire worthy sonne, not conquered but betraide:
Ile kisse thee now, for wordes with teares are staine.

Isa. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this hand-kercher besmerd with blood,
It shall not from me till I take reuenge:

Seest thou these woundes that yet are bleeding fresh,

Ile not intombe them till I haue reuengd:

Then will I ioy amidst my discontent,

Till then my sorrow neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid,

Time is the authour both of truth and right,

And time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaintes,

Or at the least dissemble them awhile.

So shall we sooner finde the practise out,

And learne by whom all this was brought about.

Come, *Isabella*, now lets take him vp,

They take him vp.

And beare him in from out this cursed place,

Ile say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educet herbas,

Hiero. sets his brest vnto his sword.

Misceat & nostro detur medicina dolori

Aut si qui faciunt annum obliuia succos,

Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,

Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras,

Isa

The Spanish Tragedie.

*Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
 Quicquid & irrami enecata membra necit.
 Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,
 Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:
 Ergo tuas oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,
 Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus,
 Emor iam tecum sic, Sic iuuai ire sub umbras,
 At tamen ab-sistam properato cedere letho,
 Ne mortem vindicta tuam iam nulla sequatur.*
 Here he throwes it from him and beares the body away,

Andrea.
 Broughtst thou me hither to encrease my paine;
 I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue bene slaine.
 But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine:
 And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*,
 On whom I doted more then all the world,
 Because she loued me more then all the world.

Revenge.
 Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is Greene,
 The end is growne of euery worke well done.
 The sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
 Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
 Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro Yilippo.

Vice. **I**Nfortunate condition of Kings,
 Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts:
 First we are plapt vpon extreamest height,
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
 But euer subiect to the wheele of chunee:
 And at our highest neuer ioy we so,
 As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
 So striueth not the waues with sundry windes,

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As Fortune toileth in the affaires of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie:
For Instance, Lordings looke vpon your King,
By hate deprived of his dearest sonne,
The onely hope of our successiue life,

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had beene in venomde with such extreame hate,
But now I see that wordes haue seuerall workes,
And ther's no credite in the countenance.

Vill. No, for my Lord, had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Baltazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourelly coastes the Centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitour forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Noble man, and halberts.

Nob. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extreames what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it me to leaue the word,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis heauen is my hope.
As for the earth it is too much infect,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deede.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.

E

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But this, O this tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughtes,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in thole flames.

They binde him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of *Phlegion*, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be auengde on thee,
On thee *Villuppo*, that hath malisde thus,
Or for thy meede, hast falsely me accusde.

Villup. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lende a hand to send thee to the lake
Where those thy wordes shall perish with thy workes:
Iniurious traytout, monstirous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Stay, hold a while, and heere with pardon of his Maiestie,
Lay handes vpon *Villuppo*. (trance?)

Vice Embassadour, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine en-

Embas. Know Soueraigne I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.

Vice. What sayest thou? liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?

Embas. Your highnesse Sonne *L. Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie;
These eyes behelde, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commende,

Gives him Letters.

Are happie witnesses of his Highnesse health.

The King lookes on the Letters, and procees.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiuid,

Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:

The rest resolue vpon, as thinges proposde,

For both our honors, and thy benefite.

Embas. These are his Highnesse farther Articles.

He gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch to intimate these illes

Against

The Spanish Tragedie.

Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: come my Lord vnbind him,
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could do no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath saued
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* lought
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsly betray Lord *Alexandroes* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse els,
But euen the slaughter of our dearest sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceined.

Alex. Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Villup. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltlesse soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferd,
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine, shalbe ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere,
Deuide for him, who thou saydst slew our Sonne:
But with the bitterest tormentes and extreames
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. seems to intreate.

Intreate me not, go take the traytor hence,

Exit Vil.

And *Alexandro* let vs honour thee
With publique notife of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie King of Spaine,
We with our Counsell will deliberate.
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

Exiunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Oh eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares,

E 2.

Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

Oh life, no life; but lively forme of death;
Oh world, no world but masse of publique wrongs,
Confulde and filde with murder and mildeedes:
Oh Sacred heauens, if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuedged passe,
How should we tearme your dealinges to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust,
The night sad secretarie to my moines,
With direfull visions wake my vexed soule,
And with the woundes of my distresfull sonne,
Solicite me for notice of his death.
The ougly seends doe sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to vnfrequented pathes,
And teare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudie day my discontents recorder,
Earely begins to register my dreames,
And driue me forth to seeke the murderer,
Eyes, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane, that may.

A letter falleth.

Whats heere? A letter: tush, it is not so,
A letter written to Hieronimo.

Red incke.

*For want of incke, receiue this bloody writ.
Me hath my haples brother hid from thee,
Reuenge thy selfe on Balchazar and him,
For these were they that murdered thy sonne.
Hieronimo, reuenge Horatios death,
And better farre then Bel-imperia doth.*

What meanes this v unexpected miracle?
My sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince.
What cause had they Horatio to maligne?
Or what might moue thee Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

Hieronimo

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde,
And to intrap thy life this traine is laide:
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued sonne,
And of his death behoues me be reueng'd;
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue t'effect thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstances try
What I can gather, to confirme this writ,
And harkning neare the Duke of Castiles house,
Close if I can with *Bel-imperia*,
To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. Wheres thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, heeres my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. What to doe *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace a while remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a sute vnto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vse me.

Hiero. Who, you my Lord?

I reserue your fauour for a greater honor,
This is a very toy my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

E 3.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. Y'fayth my Lord tis an idle thing I must confesse,
I ha'been too slacke, too tardie, too remisse vnto your honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. In troth my Lord it is a thing of nothing,
The murder of a Sonne, or so:
A thing of nothing my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hier. My griefe no hart, my thoughts no tong can tell. *Exit.*

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reueald *Horatio's* death.

Ped. My Lord he could not, twas so lately done,
And since he hath not left my companie,

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare or flattering wordes may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.

But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

Gives him more Gold.

And harken to me: thus it is disguisde,
This night thou must, and prethee so resolute,
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Luigis Parke*,
Thou know'st tis heere hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do meane to liue.

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone, Ile send to him to meete
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Ped. It shall be done my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him there.

Lor. When thinges shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this, thou knowst my minde.

Exit Peda.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Che le Ieron.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe firra to *Serberine*, and bid him foorthwith,
Meete the Prince and me at *S. Lingis Parke*,
Behinde the house this euening, Boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

Lor. But firra, let the hower be eight a clocke:
Bid him not fayle.

Page. I flie my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commaundement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.
This must we worke that will auoyde distrust.
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap,
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.
This sly inquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspicion
And this suspicion boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so do they, but I haue dealt for them.
They that for Coyne their soules endangered
To saue my life for Coyne shall venture theirs:
And better tis that base companions die,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they liue for me, to feare their fayth:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend,
For die they shall, slaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit*

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano* bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauoure me,
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme:
Heere is the Gold, this is the Gold proposde,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is possesst thereof:

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall Purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he sayles
And wishing, want, when such as I preuayle:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if neede should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes.
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressely chargde to watch?

2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.

3 But we were neuer woont to watch nor ward
So neare the Duke his house before.

2 Content your selfe, stand close, ther's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine attand and stay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzoes* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund shouldst meete with him:
How fit a place, if one were so disposde,
Mee thinkes this corner is, to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze vpon,
Now *Pedringano* or neuer, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordshyp stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha't:

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lyes; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harkc Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2 And heere's one slaine; stay the murderer.

Ped, Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

He strines with the Watch.

Who first layes hand on me, Ile be his Priest.

3 Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest:
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ped. Why? because he walk't abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had beene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeede so late.

2 Come, to the Marshals with the murderer.

1 On, to *Hieronimo*: helpe me here,
To bring the murdered body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronimo, cary me before whom you will,
What ere he be, Ile answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust my Lord,
And unexpected harmes do hurt vs most.

Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concerns our honour, & your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one.
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betraide to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo*, tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie conscience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and diswade me not,
That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*,
And therefore know that I haue cast it thus:

But here's the *Page*: how now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Padringano*.

Bal. Is *Serberine* slaine, that loued his Lord so well?

F

Ing

The Spanish Tragedie.

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his friend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*.

My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,
To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,
With your complaintes vnto my L. the King.
This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.

Balt. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or els his Highnesse hardly shall denie.
Meane while, he haste the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Balt.

Lor. Why, so: This fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,
I set the trap, he breakes the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runnes to kill whom I haue hope to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themselues their secrets will reucale.

Enter a messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Whats he?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From *Pedringano* that's imprisoned,

Lor. So, he is imprisoned then?

Mes. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs here: *To stand good L. and helpe him in distres. &c.*

Tell him I haue his Letters, know his minde.

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, be gone, my Boy shall followe thee.

Exit Mes.

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This workes like waxe, yet oncemore trie thy wits,
Boy, goe, conuay this purse to *Padringano*,
Thou knowest the prison, closely giue it him:
And be aduise that none be there about.
Bid him be merrie still, but secret:
And though the Marshalls Sessions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.
Tell him his pardon is already signed,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolved:
For were he ready to be turned off,
As tis my will the vtermost be tride:
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons in't,
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life:
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnkowne,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page. I go. *Lord.* I runne.

Lor. But see that this be cleanelly done. *Exit Page.*
Now stand our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or neuer ends *Lorenzos* doubts.
One onely thing is vnaffected yet,
And thats to see the Executioner,
But to what ende? I list not trust the ayre
With vtterance of our pretence therein,
For feare the priue whispering of the winde,
Conuey our wordes amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

*Et quel-que voglio ll ne sun le sa,
Intenduo quel noi basara.*

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this Boxe, and
by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not
haue had so much idle time: for we mens-kinde in our mino-
ritie, are like women in their vncertaintie: that, they are most
forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now, By my bare
honestie, heere's nothing but the bare empirie Boxe: were it

The Spanish Tragedie.

not sime against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentleman-like knauerie. I must go to *Pedringano*, and tel him his pardon is in this boxe: nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrarie. I cannot chuse but smile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hang-man: and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace euery iest hee makes, pointing my finger at this boxe as who should say, mocke on, heeres thy warrant. Ist not a scurvie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas, poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hiero. Thus must we toile in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne:
And doe them iustice, when vniu'sly we,
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come by iustice (of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares alay?
This toiles my bodie, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be I iust to me,

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hiero. So ist my duetie to regard his death,
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,
For heere lies that which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring soorth the prisoner, for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercie boy: but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me:
But sith he hath remembred me so well,

Come

The Spanish Tragedie.

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geere.

Hier. Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the worlde,
Confesse thy follie, and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke; well, to your Marshallship;
First, I confesse, nor feare I death therefore,
I am the man, twas I flew *Serberine*,
But fir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geere?

Depu. I, Pedringano.

Ped. Now, I thinke not so.

Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so,
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as Iudge,
Be satisfied, and the Law dischargde,
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right,
Dispatch, the fault approued and confest,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hang. Come on fir, are you ready?

Ped. To doe what, my fine officious knaue?

Hang. To goe to this geere.

Ped. O fir, you are too forward, thou wouldst faine furnish
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.

So I should goe out of this geere my rayment, into that geere
the rope,

But Hang-man, nowe I spie your knauerie, Ile not chaunge
without boot, thats flat.

Hang. Come, Sir.

Ped. So then I must vp.

Hang. No remedie,

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Ped. How, be turned off?

Hang. I truely, come, are you readie.

I pray you fir dispatch, the day goes away.

Pea. What doe you hang by the houre, if you doe, I may
F 3 chance

The Spanish Tragedie.

chance to breake your old custome.

Ham. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to break your yong necke.

Ped. Doeſt thou mocke me *Hang-man*, pray God I be not preſerued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas, Sir, you are a foote too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow ſo high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, doeſt ſee yonder boy with the Boxe in his hand?

Hang. What he that pointes to it with his finger,

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doeſt thou thinke to liue till his olde doublet will make thee a new truſſe?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to truſſe vp many an honeſter man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkeſt?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Me thinke you ſhould rather hearken to your ſoules health.

Ped. Why, Sirra, *Hang-man*, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the ſoule: and it may bee in that boxe is balme for both.

Hang. Wel, thou art euen the merrieſt peece of mans fleſh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roagarie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that ſhall all they witnes, that ſee you ſcale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee, requiſt this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I mary, ſir, this is a good motion: my maſters, you ſee heeres a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone til ſome other time, for now I haue no great neede.

Hiera. I haue not ſeene a wretch ſo impudent.
O monſtrous times where murder's ſet ſo light,
And where the ſoule that ſhoulde be ſhrinde in heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things.
Still wandring in the thornie paſſages,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That intercepts it selfe of happinesse,
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.

Dispatch, and see the execution done,

This makes me to remember thee my sonne.

Exit Hier.

Ped. Nay soft, no haste,

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you, haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why, I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why, Rascall, by my pardon from the king,

Hang. Stand you on that, then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depu. So executioner conuay him hence,

But let his bodie be vnburi'd.

Let not the earth be choaked or infect,

With that which heauen condemnes and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?

Or mine exclames that haue surcharg'd the aire,

With ceasles plaintes for my deceased sonne?

The blustering windes conspiring with my wordes,

At my lament haue moued the leaueles trees.

Disrobde the medowes of their flowred greene,

Made mountaines marsh with spring tide of my teares,

And broken through the brasen gates of hell,

Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,

With broken fighes and restles passions,

That winged mour, and houering in the aire,

But at the windowes of the brightest heauens,

Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:

But they are plac't in those imperiall heightes.

Where countermurde with walles of diamond,

I finde the place impregnable: and they

Resist my woes, and giue my wordes no way.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hang-man with a letter.

Han. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir, *Petregado*,
Sir, he that was so full of merry conceits,

Hier. Well, What of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellowe had
a faire commission to the contrary. Sir heere is his pas-
port, I pray you sir we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. You will stand betweene the gallowes and me.

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. worship.

Exit Hang-man.

Hiero. And yet though somewhat nearer me concernes.

I will to ease the griefe that I haue,

Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extreames requirde,

That you would labour my deliuerie;

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death I shall reueale the truth.

You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was comf' derate with the prince and you,

Wonne by rewardes, and hopefull promises,

I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,

And actors in th' accursed Tragedie.

Walt thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar* and thou,

Of whom my sonne my sonne deserued so well.

What haue I heard, what haue mine eyes beheld?

O Sacred heauens, may it come to passe,

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smothered, and so long conceald,

Shall thus by this be venged or reueald.

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That *Bel-imperia* letter was not faulde,

Nor fained she though fallshly they haue wrongde,

Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselues.

Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,

Of euery accedent, I neere could finde,

Till

The Spanish Tragedie.

Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did what heaven vnpunisht would not leaue.
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and me,
Was this the ransom he reseru'd thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,
Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie,
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie, and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe:
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pittie thee:
But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull wordes?
When naught but blood will satisfie my woes:
I wil go plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloude for iustice through the court.
Wearing the flintes with these my withered feete,
And either purchase iustice by intreates,
Or tyre them all with my reuenging threats. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella and her maid.

Isa. So that you say, this herbe will purge the eye,
And this the head, ah, but none of them will purge the heart:
No, ther's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any phyicke to recure the dead:

She runs lunaticke.

Horatio. O wher's *Horatio*.

Maid. Good madame, affright not thus your selfe,
With out-rage for your sonne *Horatio*.
He sleepes in quiet in thee *Elizian* fields.

Isa. Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstake too:
To be reuenged on their villainies.

Maid. Maddame, these humours do torment my soule,

Isa. My soule, poore soule thou talkest of things
Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens.
To heauen, I there sit my *Horatio*.

G

Backe

The Spanish Tragedie.

Backt with a troupe of fierie Cherubines,
Dauncing about his newly healed woundes,
Singing sweet hymnes and chanting heauenly notes,
Rare harmonie to greet his innocencie,
That liude: I, dide, a mirrour in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the men, the murderers,
That slew *Horatio*? whither shall I runne
To finde them out, that murdered my sonne? *Exeunt.*

Bel-imperia, at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice: shall I not know the cause
Of this my secret and suspicious ill.
Accursed brother, vnkinde murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martir me?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea*, that thou sawest
Me, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me, thus causeles murdered,
Well, force perforce, I must constraime my selfe
To patience, and applie me to the time,
Till heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophill.

Christ. Come, Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things go well,
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els, my Lord, I lue not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his ende,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christophill*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlargde,
And bring her hither straight,
This that I did was for a policie,

Exit Page.

The Spanish Tragedie.

To smoothe and keepe the murther secret,
Which at a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle sister will I now inlarge.

Bel. And time, *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard inquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away:
But that's all one, my Lord, you loue her?

Bel. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp:
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs:
As for her sweet-heart, and concealement so,
Iest with her gently vnder fained lest,
Are things concealde that els would breed vnrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now, Sister.

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no brother, but an enimie:
Els wouldst thou not haue vsed thy sister so.
First to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company:
And then to hurrie me like whirle-winds rage,
Amidst a crue of thy confederates:
And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What madding furie did possesse thy wits
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduise you better *Bel-imperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour, why, *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any neede to rescue it?

Lor. His highnesse, and my father were resolu'd,
To come conferre with old *Hieronimo*,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the *Vice-roy* was determined,

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me next in sight as messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consoorted with the Prince,
And v unexpected in an Arbour there,
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andreas* had indurde,
And now were likely longer to susteine,
By being found so meanelly accompanied.
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane,)
To thrust *Horatio* forth my fathers way.

Bal. And carrie you obscurely some where els,
Least that his Highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so my Lord, and you are witnes,
That this is true which he entreateth of.
You (gentle brother forged this for my sake,
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the nooting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy, Sister, since the newes,
Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you being in disgrace,
To absent your selfe, and giue his furie place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to adde more fiewell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Aetna*, for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Had not my father then enquirede for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excusde I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

Euen *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy loue, behold yong *Balthazar*,

Whose

The Spanish Tragedie.

Whose passions by thy presence are increast,
And in whose melancholy thou maiest see,
Thy hate, his loue : thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratur,
I know not I, by what experience.

Too pollicicke for me, past all compare,
Since last, I saw you : but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers kings,
Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines,
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde,
Of that thine iuorie front my sorrowes map,
VWherein I see no Haven to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord.
In my conceite, are things of more import
Then womens wits are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. VVhom?

Bal. *Bel-imperia.*

Bel. But I that feare.

Bal. VVhom?

Bel. *Bel-imperia.*

Lor. Feare your selfe?

Bel. I Brother,

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loath, and teare to

Bal. Then Faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.

Est tremulo me tui panidem iunxere timorem,

Et vanum stolidi proditioms opus.

Exi.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,

VVeele goe continue this discourse at court.

Bal. Led by the load-starre of her heavenly lookes,

VVends poore oppressed *Balthazar*,

As ore the mountaines walkes the wanderer,

Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter two Perringales, and Hieronimo mutes shewes.

By your leave sir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,
Nor as you thinke: you'r wide all:

These slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatio*,
My sonne, and what's a sonne?

A thing begot within a paire of minutes, there about:
A lump bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue

To ballace these light creatures we call Women:
And at nine moneths ende, creepes forth to light.

What is there yet in a sonne?

To make a father dote, rane, or runne mad,
Being borne, it pourses, cryes, and breeds teeth.

What is there yet in a sonne? He must be fed,
Be thought to goe, and speake I, or yet.

Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a friaking Kid,

As for a sonne, me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smoothe Horse-colt

Should moue a man, as much as doth a sonne.
For one of these in very little time,

Will grow to some good vse, where as a sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeeres,

The more vnsguard, vnbeuelled he appeares,
Recons his parents among the rancke of fooles,

Strikes care vpon their heads with his mad ryots,
Makes them looke olde, before they meet with age:

This is a sonne: And what a losse were this, considered truly.
O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of these

Infatiate humours: He loued his louing parents,
He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,

The very arme that did holde vp our house,
Our hopes were stored vp in him.

None but a damned murderer could hate him:
He had not seene the backe of nineteene yeere,

When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar*,
And his great minde too full of Honour,

Tooke

The Spanish Tragedie.

Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portugale:
Well, heauen is heauen still,
And there is *Nemesis* and *Furies*,
And things called whippes,
And they sometimes doe meete with murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on: and steales, and steales
Till violence leapes forth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: nay, I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue you, if you can leaue me, soe.

2 Pray you which is the way to my L. the Dukes.

Hier. The next way from me.

2 To his house we meane.

Hier. O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord, *Lorenza*.

2 I, sir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear, for other talke for vs farre fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know,

The way to him, and where to finde him out,

Then list to me, and Ile resolute your doubt,

There is a path vpon your left hand side,

That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,

Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,

A darke some place and dangerous to passe,

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose balefull humours if you but vphold,

It will conduct you to dispaire and death:

Whose rockie chiffes, when you haue once beheld,

Within a hugie dale of lasting night,

That kindled with the worlds iniquities,

Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes,

Not farre from thence where murderers haue built,

A habi

The Spanish Tragedie.

A habitation for their cursed soule :
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by Ioue,
In his fell wrath vpon a sulphur flame :
Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling lead and blood of innocents.

1. Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha : why ha, ha, ha. Forwell good ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

2. Doublesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dore.
Come, lets away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a paynard in one hand, and a
rope in the other.*

Hiero. Now sir, perhaps, I come and see the king,
The king sees me, and faine would heare my sute.
Why is not this a strange, and seld scene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute.
Goe too, I see their shifts and say no more,

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a fire Tower : there sits a iudge,
Vpon a seat of Steele and molten braslee.

And twixt his teeth he holdes a firebrand,
That leades ynto the lake where hell doth stand,
Away *Hieronimo,* to him begon :

Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatio's* death,
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him straight,
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath.

This way, or that way : soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatio's* murder then ?

No, no, fie, no : pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the dagger and halberd.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King.

He takes them vp againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat,
And *Balthazar,* Ile be with thee to bring.

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And thee, *Lorenzo*, heere's the King, nay stay,
And heere, I heere: there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour what our Vice-roy saith,
Hath he receiu'd the Articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hier. O, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our busines?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* be ware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promist league:
And as a man extreamely ouer-ioy'd,
To heare his sonne so princelie entertain'd,
Whole death he had so solemnly bewail'd.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And Kinglie loue, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his princelie sonne,
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended heauens.
In person therefore will he come himselte,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the court of Spaine,
To knita sure inexplicable band,
Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubtr, my Lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his friend,
And wonderous zeale to *Balthazar* his sonne:
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
That bends his likeing to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,
Although he send not that his sonne returne,

H.

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

His ranfome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hier. Horatio, who calles *Horatio*?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie:
Heere lee it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hier. Iustice, O iustice, iustice gentle *King*.

King. Who is that? *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. Iustice, O iustice: O my sonne, my sonne,
My sonne, whom naught can ranfome or redeeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduise.

Hiero. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:
Giue me my sonne, you shall not fanfome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

He diggeth with his Dagger.

And ferric ouer to th' *Elizian* plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes.
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pickaxe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshallship:
For Ile go marshall vp the Feendes in hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

Kin. What meanes this outrage? will none of you restraine
his furie.

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to striue,
Needes must he go that the diuels driue. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My grations Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of young *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couetous of hauing to himselfe,
The ranfome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Beleeue me Nephew we are sorie fort,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle brother, go giue to him this gold,
The Princes ranfome, let him haue his due,
For what he bath *Horatio* shall not want,
Happely *Hieronimo* hath need thereof,

Lor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. But if he be thus hapleslie distract,
Tis requisite his office be resignde,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place,
And brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnesse of the match
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the Marriage shalbe solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

Emb. Therein your highnesse highly shall content
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.

King. On then, and heare your Lord Embassadour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaques and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maister thus
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Sauc those that watch for rape and bloody murder?

Pea. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* dyed,
And now his aged yeeres should sleepe in rest,
His hart in quiet, like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him,
Then starting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame griefe and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one ynch of man:
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. I prie through euery creuie of each wall,
Looke on each tree, and search through euery brake,
Beat at the bushes, stampe our grandam earth,
Dine in the water, and stare vp to heauen,

H. 2.

Yet

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet cannot I behold my sonne *Horatio*.

How now, Who's there, spirits, spirits?

Ped. We are your seruants that attend you sir.

Hie. What make you with your torches in the darke.

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd,
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now,
Light me your torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie:
Light me your torches then,

Ped. Then we burne day light.

Hie. Let it be burnt, night is a murderous slut,
That would not haue her treasons to be scene,
And yonder pale faced Hee-cat there, the Moone,
Doth giue consent to that is done in darkenise,
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are aggots on her sleeue, pins on her traine,
And thole that should be powerfull and diuine,
Doe sleepe in darkenes when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not faire sir, with tempting words,
The heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hie. Villaine, thou liest, and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad, thou liest, I am not mad.
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Iaques*,
Ile prooue it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my *Hor.* was mured?
She should haue shone: Search thou the booke, (grace
Had the Moone shone, in my boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know, had the murderer scene him,
His weapon would haue fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alacke when mischief doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores.
O, seeke not meanes so to encrease thy sorrow,

Hier. In-

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Indeed, *Isabella* we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, alke *Pedro* and alke *Iaguez*,
Not I indeed, we are very merrie, very merrie.

Isa. How, be merrie heere, be merrie heere.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* hied, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not say whatt let her weepe it out,
This was the tree, I set it of a kiernbell,
And when our hot Spaine could not let it grow
But that the infant and the humaine sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water.
At last it grewe, and grewe, and bore and bore,
Till at the length it grew a gallowes, and did beare our sonne.
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant.

One knockes within at the doore.
See who knocke there.

Pedro. It is a painter fir.

Hie. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none liues but painted comfort.
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance,
Gods will, that I should set this tree,
But euen so masters, vngratefull seruants reare from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Pain. God blesse you fir.

Hie. Wherefore, why, thou scornfull villaine.
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest,

Isa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow.

Pain. Iustice, Madame.

Hie. O ambitious begger, wouldst thou haue that
That liues not in the world,
Why all the vndelued mynes cannot buy
An ounce of iustice, tis a iewel so inestimable:
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all iustice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him. (sonne

Pai. O then I see that God must right me for my muredred

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hic. How, was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I, sir, no man did hold a sonne so deere,

Hic. What not as thine? that's a lie,

As massie as the earth I had a sonne,

Whose least vnallued haire did waigh

A thousand of thy sonnes and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hic. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine,
Was worth a legion: but all is one.

Pedro, Iaques, goe in a doores, *Isabella* goe,

And this good fellow heere and I,

Will range this hidious orchard vp and downe,

Like to two Lyons reaued of their yong.

Goe in a doores, I say:

Exeunt.

The Painter and he sit downe.

Come let's talke wisely now

Was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I, sir.

Hic. So was mine.

How doo'st take it: art thou not sometimes mad?

Is there no trickes that comes before thine eies?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hic. Art a Painter? canst paint me a teare, or a wound,

A groane, or a sigh? canst paint me such a woe as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting,

my name's *Bazardo*.

Hic. *Bazardo*, afore-god, an excellent fellow, Look you sir,

Doe you see, I'de haue you paint me my Gallie

In your oile colours matted, and draw me five

Yeeres youger then I am. Doe ye see sir, let five

Yeeres goe, let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine.

My wife *Isabella* standing by me,

With a speaking looke to my sonne *Horatio*.

Which should inteni to this, or some such like purpose?

God bleste thee, my sweet sonne, and my hand leaning vpon

his head, thus sir, doe you see may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hic. Nay,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Nay, I pray marke me, sir. Then sir, would I haue
you paint me this tree, this very tree.
Canst paint a dolefull crie?

Painter. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should crie: but all is one.
Well sir, paint me a youth, run thorow and thorow with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree.
Canst thou draw a murderer?

Painter. He warrant you sir,
I haue the patterne of the most notorious willaines that euer
liued in all Spaine.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Arte,
And let their beardes be of *Iudas* his owne colour,
And let their eye-browes iuttie ouer in any case obserue that.
Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring mee foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder myne
arme, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp
thus: and with these wordes.

What noyse is this? Who call? Hieronimo?
May it be done?

Painter. Yea, sir.

Well sir, then bring mee foorth, bring mee thorow allie and
allye, still with a distracted countenance going along,
and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.
Let the clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles tawling, the
Owle shrieking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ier-
ing, and the Clocke striking twelue.
And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging: And tot-
tering, and tottering as you know the winde will weare
a man, and I with a trise to cut him downe.
And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my torch, finde
it to be my sonne *Horatio*.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.
Drawe mee like old *Priam* of *Troy*,
Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire
As the torch ouer my head. Make me curse,

Make

The Spanish Tragedie.

Make me raue, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me well againe, make me curse hell,
Inuocate heauen, and in the ende, leaue me
In a traunce, and so forth.

Pain. And is this the end.

Hic. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesse,
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,
Then methinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,
And there's the torment, there's the hell.
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers,
Were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I
Teare and drage him vp and downe.

*He beates the Painter in, then comes out againe
With a Booke in his hand.*

Vindicta mihi.

I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer murder vntrepaid:
Then stay, *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint a time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For euils vnto ils conducters be,

And death's the worst of resolution:
For he that thinkes with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily ende.

Fata si miseros iuuant, habes salutem.

Fata si uitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If Destinie thy miseries doe ease,

Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.

If Destinie deny thee life *Hieronimo*,

Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe:

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,

Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.

And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,

But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,

With open, but ineuitable ils:

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunitie,
Closely, and safely fitting things to time,
But in extreames vantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge;
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet in vaquietnesse,
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly, I will let it slip;
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auailles it me to menace them.
Who, as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine,
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
No, no, *Hieronimo*: thou must enioyne
Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches, then thy spirits afforde,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy knee to bowe,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noise within.

How now, what noise? what coile is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Pettitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

Hie. That I should plead their seuerall Actions;
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an olde man.

1 So, I tell you this, for learning and for law,
Ther's not any Aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will in pursuit of equitie.

Hie. Come neere, you men that thus importune me.
Now must I beare a face of grauitie:

I

For

The Spanish Tragedie.

For this I vnde before my Marshallship,
To plead in causes as *Corrigedor*.
Come on fir, whats the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hiero. Of Batteries?

1 Mine of Debr.

Hiero. Giue place.

2 No fir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 Mine an Eiection firma by a Lease.

Hiero. Content you fir, are you determined
That I should plead your seuerall actions?

1 I fir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And heere is my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease.

They giue him Papers.

Hiero. But wherefore stand you sillie man so mute,
With mournfull eyes and handes to heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy cause?

Senix. O worthy fir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May moue the hartes of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corricke Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hiero. Say Father, tell me what's thy sute?

Senix. No fir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my most distressfull wordes,
Then should I not in Paper, as you see,
with Incke bewray, what blood began in mee.

Hiero. What's heere? The humble Supplication
Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdered Sonne?

Senix. I fir.

Hiero. No fir, it was my murdered Sonne, Oh my sonne,
Oh my sonne, oh my sonne *Horatio*:
But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content,
Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishappes may see,
The liuely portraict of my dying selfe.

He draweth out a bloody Napkin.

O no not this, *Horatio* this was thine,
And when I did it in thy dearest blood,

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This was a token twixt thy soule and me,
That of thy death reuenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this: what my purse
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one, are our extremities.

1 Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo*,

This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hiero. See, see, oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,

See heere a louing Father to his sonnes

Behold the sorrowes and the sad laments,

That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasse.

If loue effectes so strives in lesser thinges,

If loue enforce such moodes in meane wits,

If loue expresse such power in poore estates:

Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,

Toft with the winde and tyde ore turnest then

The vpper billowes course of waues to keepe,

Whilist lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect

The swift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?

Though on this earth iustice wil not be found:

Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion

Knocke at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,

Getting by force as once *Alcides*,

A troupe of Furies and tormenting Hagges,

To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest:

Yet least the triple headed Porter should

Deny my passage to the slymie strond,

The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeite:

Come olde Father, be my *Orpheus*,

And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,

Then sound the burden of the sore hartes grieve,

Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may graunt,

Reuenge on them that mured my Sonne.

Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,

Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the papers.

1 a.

1 Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

Oh, sit, my declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my bound.

3 Alas, my Lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you, my Lord, haue torne the same.

Hie. That cannot be, I gaue them neuer a wound,
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush no, runne after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters againe,
who staring him in the face, speaketh.

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio from the deapth,
To aske for iustice in this vpper earth?
To tell thy father thou art vnreuengde,
To wring more teares from Isabellas eyes:
Whose lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments,
Goe backe my sonne, complaine to Eacus,
For heere's no iustice, gentle boy be gone:
For iustice is exiled from the earth,
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.
Thy mother cries on righteous Radamant,
For iust reuenge against the murderers.

Senex. Alas, my L. whence springs this troubled speech?

Hie. But let me looke on my Horatio:

Sweet Boy, art thou chang'd in deaths blacke shade?
Had Proserpine, no pittie on thy youth?
But suffered thy faire crimson coloured spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older then thy father:
Ah, ruthlesse father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah, my good L. I am not your yong sonne.

Hie. What, not my sonne? thou then a furie art,
Sent from the emptie kingdome of blacke night,
To sommon me to make appearence

Before

The Spanish Tragedie.

Before grim *Minos* and iust *Radamant*.

To plague *Hieronimo*, that is remisse,

And seekes not vengeance for *Horatio*'s death.

Baz. I am a greued man, and not a Ghost,

That came for iustice for my murdered sonne.

Hic. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my sonne:

Thou art the lively image of my griefe,

Within thy face my sorowes I may see.

Thy eyes are gum'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,

Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttring lips

Murmure sad words, abruptly broken off,

By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,

And all this sorrow riseth for thy sonne:

And selfe same sorrow feele I for my sonne.

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabell*,

Leane on my arme: I thee, thou me, shalt stay;

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song:

Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd,

Talke not of cordes, but let vs now be gone,

For with a cord, *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo,

Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.

King. Goe, Brother it is the Duke of Castiles cause, Salute
the Vice-roy in our name,

Cast. I goe,

Vic. Goe forth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile,

Pedr. It shall be fir,

King. And now to meet the Portugues.

For as we now are, so sometimes were these
Kings and Commanders of the Westerne Indies,

Wel-come braue Vice-roy to the Court of Spaine,

And welcome all his honorable traine.

Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why ye come,

Or haue so kingly crost the Seas:

Sufficeth it in this we note the troth,

And more then common loue you lend to vs.

The Spanish Tragedie.

So is it that mine honorable Neece,
For it becommes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:
And by appoyntment, and our condiscence,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace:
Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no?

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtfull followers, vnresolved men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me,
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faile *Bel-imperia* with my *Balthazar*,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see,
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee:
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse prayers

To thioke how strangely heauen hath thee preserued.

King. See brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:

A place more priuate fits this Princely mood.

Vice. Ot heere, or where your Highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but Cas. and Lor.

Cas. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you,
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kinges?

Lor. I do my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised marriage.

Cas. She is thy sister.

Lor. Who *Bel-imperia*? I my gracious Lord,
And this is the day that I haue longd so happelic to see.

Cas. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,

Should

The Spanish Tragedie.

Should intercept her in her happinesse.

Lor. Heavens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cas. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my wordes,
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*,
And in his suites towards his Maiestie,
Still keeps him backe, and seekes to crosse his sute.

Lor. That I my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it sayd,
When to my sorrow I haue been ashamed
To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.

Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common loue,
And kindnes that *Hieronimo* hath wonne,
By his desertes within the Court of *Spaine*?
Or seest thou not the K. my brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assemblie,
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,
Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzo*s pow er,
To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A small aduantage makes a water breach,
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him and his Supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue seene his passions,
That ill beseemde the presence of a King:
And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I helde him thence with kind and curtuous wordes,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* my sonne, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, beleene me so he doth.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But what's a silly man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his sonne,
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good my L, that Hieronimo and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster me.

Cas. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come Bel-imperia, Balthazars content,
My sorrowes ease and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy lookes,
And cleare them vp with those thy sunne bright eyes,
Wherein my hope, and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes my L, are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning sunne.

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done,
I see my Lord my father.

Bal. Truce my loue, I will go salute him.

Cas. Welcome Balthazar, welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of Castiles peace.

And welcome Bel-imperia: How now girle?

Why comest thou sadly to salute vs thus?

Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,

It is not now as when *Andreas* liu'd,

We haue forgotten and forgiven that,

And thou art graced with a happier Loue.

But Balthazar heere comes Hieronimo,

He haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hiero. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised trof

Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,

If I will be reuenged? no, I am not the man.

Cas.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Cas. Welcome Hieronimo.

Lor. Welcome Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome Hieronimo.

Hiero. My Lordes, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cas. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?

Then Ile be gone, I thanke you fort.

Cas. Nay, stay Hieronimo: goe call him sonne.

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. Hiero. I heare you find your selfe agreed at my Son,
Because you haue not accesle vnto the King:

And say tis he that interceptes your suites.

Hiero. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of *Spaine*, mine honorable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile meete him face to face to tell me so,
These be the scandalous reportes of such,
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would prevent
Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well.
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I neuer gaue you cause.

Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There then pause, & for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile *Cyprians* ancient seate,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and let

K.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I marry, my Lord, and shall.
Friends (quoth he) see, Ile be friends with you all:
Specially with you my loue the Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friends, the world is suspicious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hier. What els, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day.

Exeunt.

Hiero. Your Lordships to command,
Pha: keepe your way.

Ms. chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non solo
Traduoniba otrade vnle.

Exit.

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Erietha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combat *Achimon* and *Erichus* in hell,
For need by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the fittie lakes,
Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andreas* sees
Reuenge awake.

Reueng. Awake, for why?

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduise,
To sleepe away, what thou art warnde to watch.

Reu. Content thy selfe, and do not trouble me.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, If loue, as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,
Hieronimo, with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Reu. Thus

Mi Chi mi fa?

Pui Correzza

The Spanish Tragedie.

Re. Thus wordlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy selfe, *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*,
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio* :
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile,
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found :
And slumbring is a common wordly wille,
Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumme shew.

Ghost. Awake, *Reuenge*, reueale this Mysterie.

Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall torches boare,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes sunne :
But after them doth *Himen* hie as fast,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenchem them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me thy meanings vnderstood,
And thanks to thee and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a louters woe,
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel-imperia.

Is this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,

K 2.

Thy

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,
That thou wert wont to wearie men withall;
O vnkind Father, O deceitfull worlde,
With what excules canst thou shew thy selfe?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men
From this dishonour and the hate of men:
Thus to neglect the life and losse of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne believe,
Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame Hieronimo,
Be not a historie to after times,
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne,
Vnhappie Mother of such children then;
But monstrous Father, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost,
Haue tendred so, thus carelesse should be lost.
My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths;
Nor shall his death be vreueng'd by me,
Although I beare it out for fashions sake,
For heere I sweare in sight of heauen and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,
And give it ouer, and deuise no more,
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hell,
That wrought his downefall with extreamest death.

Hiero. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*,
Vowes such reuenge as she hath daind to saye:
Why then I see that heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes do sit solliciting,
For vengeance on those cursed murderers,
Madame tis true, and now I finde it so,
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter how *Horatio* dyed,
Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vreueng'd at full:

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution:
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That cauleles thus haue murdered my sonne.

Bal. Hieronimo, I will content conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auail,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horacios* death.

Hie. On then, whatloeuers I deuise,
Let me entreat you grace my practises?
For why the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, *Hieronimo*, What courting *Bal. Imperia*?

Hie. I, my Lord, such courting, as I promise you
She hath my heart; but you my Lord haue hers. (helpe.

Lor. But now, *Hieronimo*, or neuer wee are to entreat you.

Hie. My helpe, why my good Lords assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me caule, Lby my faith haue you.

Bal. It pleasd you at the entertainement of the Embassador
To grace the king so much as with a shew:
Now were your studie so well furnished,
As for the pasing of the first nights sport
To entertaine my father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more.

When I was yong I gaue my minde,
And plide my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie:
Which though it profite the Professor naught,
Yet is it pasing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hie. Marry, my good Lord, thus,
And yet me thinke you are to quicke with vs,
When in *Tolledo*, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedie:

The Spanish Tragedie.

See heere my Lords, *He shewes them a Booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordships fauour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it:
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prooue most passing strange,
And wonderous planfible to that assembly.

Bal. What? would you haue vs plaie a Tragedie?

Hic. Why, *Nero* thought it no disparagement:
And Kings, and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in plaies.

Lor. Nay, be not angrie good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In faith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
He make one.

Lor. And I, another.

Hic. Now my good Lord, could you entreat
Your sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For whats a plaie without a woman in't?

Bel. Little entreatie shall serue me *Hieronimo*,
For I must needes be employed in your play.

Hicr. Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue beene acted,
By Gentlemen and schollers too:
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be said, by Princes and Countiers,
Such as can tell how to speake:
If as it is our Countrey maner,
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hic. That shall I roundly, The Cronicles of Spaine,
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed and wedded at the length,
To one *Perseda*, an Italian Dame,
Whose beautie rauished all that her beheld,
Especially the soule of *Soliman*,
Who at the marriage was the cheefest guest:
By sundry meanes, sought *Soliman* to winne

Perseda

The Spanish Tragedie.

Perfeda lone, and could not gaine the same;
Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his Bashawes whom he held full deare,
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death, this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treacherie he slew.
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew *Soliman*:
And to escape the Bashawes tyrannie,
Did stab her selfe; and this is the Tragedie.

Lor. O, excellent!

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*, What then became of him
That was the Bashaw?

Hie. Marry, thus, mooued with remorse of his misdeedes,
Ran to a mountaine top and hang himselfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part.

Hie. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it,
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hie. Great *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hie. *Erasto*, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hie. *Perfeda*, chaste, and resolute,
And heere, my Lords, are feuerall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must prouide a Turkish cappe,
A blacke mustacio, and a Fauchon.

Gives a paper to Bal.

You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Gives another to Lor.

And Madame, you must attyre your selfe.

Gives Bel another.

Like *Phoebe*, *Flora*, or the huntresse,

Which

The Spanish Tragedie.

Which to your discretion shall seeme best.

And as for me my Lords, we looke to one,

And with the ranfome that the *Vice-roy* sent,

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,

As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*:

Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hie. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,

But to present a Kingly troupe with-all,

Giue me a stately written Tragedie,

Tragedie cothornate, fitting Kings.

Containing matter and not common things,

My Lords, all this must be performed,

As fitting for the first nights reuelling.

The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,

That in one houres meditation,

They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like

In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hie. In *Paris*, mas and well remembered,

There's one thing more that rests for vs to doe.

Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing.

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part.

In vnknowne languages,

That it may breed the more varietie.

As you, my Lord, in Latin, I in Greeke,

You in Italian, and for becaule I know

That *Bel-imperia* hath practised the French,

In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bal. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meeke confusion,

And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion

Shall prooue the inuention, and all was good?

And I my selfe in an Oration,

And with a strange and wonderous shew besides

That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,

Assure

The Spanish Tragedie.

Assure your selfe shall make the matter knowne,
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnes,

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus, my Lord, we must resolve,
To sooth his humors vp.

Bal. On then, *Hieronimo*, farewell till soone,

Hie. Youle ply this geere?

Lor. I warrant you,

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Hie. I, why so, Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*.

Exit.

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues
The King to iustice or compassion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with those branches and these loathsome bowes,
Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine,
Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprunge,
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a brance, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this garden plot.
Accursed complot of my miserie,
Fruitleffe for euer may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blifelesse whosoever
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.
An Easterne winde commixt' with noisome ayres,
Shall blast the plants and the yong' saplings.
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:

L

There

The Spanish Tragedie.

There mured, died the sonne of *Isabell*,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Ghost solicites with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death,
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy sonne,
For sorrow and dispaire hath cired me,
To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*,
Make haste *Hieronimo*, to holde excuse,
Thy negligence in pursuite of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,
And none but I, befitre me to no ende,
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
So shall my wombe be curled for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The haplesse breast that gaue *Horatio* sucke.

She stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks vp the curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now, *Hieronimo*, where's your fellowes,
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O sir, it is for the Authors credite,
To looke that all things may goe well:
But good my L. let me entreate your Grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will, *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more, my good L.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreate your grace,
That when the traine are past into the gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit, Cast.

Hier. What are you ready *Balthazar*?
Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar with a chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the Title:
Our Scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

Exit, Balt.

Bethinke thy selfe *Hieronimo*,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs

Thou hast receiued by murder of thy sonne,

And lastly, nor least, how *Isabel*,

Once his mother and thy dearest wife:

All woe begone for him hath slaine her selfe:

Behooues thee then *Hieronimo* to be reueng'd,

The plot is laid of dire reuenge,

On then *Hieronimo*, pursue reuenge:

For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.

Exit, Hier.

*Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile,
and their traine.*

King. Now *Vice-roy*, shall we see the Tragedie,
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour:

Performde of pleasure by your sonne the Prince,

My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, *Bel-imperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,

At whose request, they deine to doo't them selues.

These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.

Here brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper.

This is the Argument of that they shew.

He giues him a booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of *Hieronimo*, in sundry languages,

was thought good to be set downe in English, more

largely for the easier understanding to

euery Publique Reader.

L 2

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Heironimo.

Balthazar.

B *Ashtar*, that Rhodes is ours, yeeld heauens the honour
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet :
And be thou grac't, with euery excellence,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes, is lesse,
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph,
Perseda blisfull lampe of excellence :
Whose eyes compell like powretull *Adamant*,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to waite.

King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Balthazar* your sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Soliman* :
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice. I. *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his minde runs all on *Bel-imperia*.

Hier. What euer ioy earth yeelds betide your Maiestie.

Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy, without *Perseda*'s loue,

Hier. Then let *Perseda* on your grace attend.

Bal. She shall not waite on me, but I on her :
Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld.
But let my friend the Rhodian Knight come forth,
Erasto, deerer then my life to me,
That he may see *Perseda* my beloued.

Enter Erasto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he ?

Bel. Ah, my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda*.

Era. Thrice happy is *Erasto*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erasto*'s ioy,
Sith his *Perseda* liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah, *Ashtar*, heere is loue betwixt *Erasto*,
And faire *Perseda* soueraigne of my soule.

Hier. Remoue *Erasto* mighty *Soliman*,
And then *Perseda* will be quickly wonne.

Bal. *Erasto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda neuer will remouue her loue.

Hier. Let

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Let not *Erasto* liue to grieue great *Soliman*,

Bal. Deare is *Erasto* in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riuall let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so loue commandeth me,
Yet grieue I that *Erasto* should so die.

Hier. *Erasto*, *Soliman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highnes will:
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employd.

Stab him.

Bel. Aye me *Erasto*, see *Soliman*, *Erasto's* slaine,

Bals. Yet liueth *Soliman* to comfort thee.

Faire *Queene* of beautie, let not fauour die,

But with a gracious eyes behold his griefe,

That with *Perfedaus* beautie is encreast?

If by *Perfedaus* griefe be not releast.

Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,
Relentles are mine eares to thy lamentes,
As thy butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which seizd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power *Perfeda* doeth obey:
But were she able, thus she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince:

Let her stab him.

And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd.

Stab her selfe.

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done;

Hier. But *Bel-imperia* playes *Perfeda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,
You would be better to my sonne then so.

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Marty, this followes for *Hieronimo*.

Heere breake we off our sundry languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.

Happely you thinke, but bootelesse be your thoughts:

That this is fabulously counterfeit

And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To die to day for (fashioning our Scene)
The death of *Alexander*, or some Romane Peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuine to please too morrowes audience.
No, Princes: know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the Play.
I see your looks vrge instance of these wordes,
Behold the reason vrging me to this:

He shewes his dead sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath ende:
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was flaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, ioy, and blisse:
All fled, faild, died, yea all decayde with this,
From forth these woundes came breath that gaue me life,
They murdered me that made these fatall markes:
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate,
The hate *Lorenzo*, and yong *Balthazar*:
The loue my sonne to *Bel-imperia*.
But night the couerer of accursed crimes,
With pitchie silence husht the traitors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had sortd leasure,
To take aduantage in my garden plot,
Vpon my sonne, my deare *Horatio*.
There mercilesse they butchered vp my boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell death,
He shrikes, I heard, and yet me thinkes I heare,
His dismall out-crie echo in the ayre:
With soonest speed I hastid to the noyse,
Where hanging on a tree I found my sonne,
Through girt with wounds and slaughtered as you see,
An I greeued I (thinke you) at this spectacle?
Speake Portugues, whose losse resembles mine,

The Spanish Tragedie.

If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar* ?
Tis like I waild for my *Horatio*,
And you, my *L.* whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a net, and thought him selfe vnscene,
And rated me for braine-sicke lunacie,
Which God amende, that mad *Hieronimo*,
How can you brooke our playes *Catastrophe* ?
And heere behold this blodie hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatio*s death, I weeping dipt,
Within the riuer of his bleeding woundes :
It as propitious, see I haue reserued,
And neuer hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow,
With these, O these accursed murderers,
Which now performde, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the *Bashaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenz*es life :
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conueniently.
So *Vice-roy*, was this *Balthazar* thy sonne,
That *Soliman* which *Belimperia*,
In person of *Perseida* murdered :
Soly appointed to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore *Belimperia* mist her part in this,
For though the storie saith she should haue died,
Yet I of kinnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her ende.
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Author, and actor in this Tragedie :
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist :
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my play,

Vrge

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vrge no more wordes, I haue no more to say.

He runs to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, hold *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew and thy sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayde, my *Balthazar* is slaine.
Breake open the doores, run, saue *Hieronimo*.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo. Doe but enforme the King of these euents,
Vpon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my sonne:

Accur'd wretch, why stay'st thou him that was resolu'd to die

King. Speake Traitor, dainned bloody murderer speake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake,
Why hast thou done this vnderferuing deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. I, slauie, too sure.

Hier. What and yours too?

Vic. I, all are dead, not one of them suruiue.

Hier. Nay, then I care not, come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heades together,

See here's a goodly nowle will hold them all.

Vice. O dainned Deuill, how secure he is:

Hier. Secure, why dost thou wonder at it.

I tell thee *Vice-roy*, this day I haue scene reueng'd,
And in that sight am growne a prowder Monarch,
Then euer sate vnder the Crowne of Spaine:
Had I as many lyues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as those liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my soule to boote,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*,
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine:

I saw

The Spanish Tragedy

I saw her stab him.

Hic. O good wretch, that didst kill my sonne,
As yours, or yours, or yours my sonne you,
My guiltlesse sonne was by *Lucente* slaine,
And by *Lucente*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged thoroughly.
Vpon whose soules may heauen be yet reuenged,
With greater farre then these afflictions.
Me thinkes since I grew inward with reuenge,
I cannot looke with scorne enough on death.

King. What dost thou mocke vs slaue, bring tortures forth.

Hic. Doe, doe, doe, and meane time he torture you
You had a sonne (as I take it) and your sonne,
Should ha'e beene married to your daughter: ha, wait not so?
You had a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew,
He was proude and politicke, had he liued,
He might a come to weare the crowne of Spaine,
I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,
Looke you this same hand, twas it that stab'd
His heart, Doe you see this hand?
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers garden:
One that did force your valiant sonne to yelde,
While your more valiant sonne did take him prisoner:

Vic. Be deafe my sences, I can heare no more.

King. Fall heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rowle all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hic. Now doe I applaud what I haue acted.

Nunck mers cada manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch,
See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather then to reueale what we requirde.

Cast. Yet can he write.

M

King. And

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. And if I could but see you,
We will devise the *kind of death,*
That ever was invented for a wretch.

Calisto. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
Vice. Heere, and a *knife* that thou write the troth.

Looke to my brother *Sancho*.

He with the knife stabs the Duke and himselfe,

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother and the whole succeeding hope,
That Spaine expected after my discease.
Go beare his bodie hence that we may mourne
The losse of our beloved brothers death,
That he may be in tomb what ere befall,
I am the next the neereft last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs,
Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hale me along,
To *Silas* barking and vnrained griefe:
Or to the lothsome poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale*.

Exeunt.

*The trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine
mourning after his brothers body, and the king of Por-
tingale bearing the body of his sonne,*

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost.

I now my hopes haue ende in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires,
Horatio murdered in his fathers bower,
Vile *Serberins*, by *Pedringano* slaine:

False

The Spanish Tragedie.

False *Pedringano* hangd by quaine deceipt,
Faire *Isabella*, by her selfe misdone,
Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* stab'd,
The Duke of *Castile* and his wicked sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*.
My *Bel-imperia* false as *Dido* fell,
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe:
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I begge at lonely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes worke iust and sharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my friend *Horatio* through those fieldes,
Where neuer dying warres are still inurde.
Ile leade faire *Isabella* to that traine,
Where pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Bel-imperia* to those ioyes,
That *Vestall* vergins, and faire *Queenes* possesse,
Ile leade *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* playes,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be showne?

Reuenge.

This hand shall hale them downe to deepest hell,
Where nought but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.

Ghost.

Then sweete *Reuenge* doe this at my request,
Let me be iudge, and doome them to vnrest,
Let loose poore *Titus* from the *Vulcures* gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* supply his roome.
place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixiens* wheele,
And let the Louers endles paines surcease:
Iuno forgets old wrath and grants him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke
And let him there bewaile his bloodie loue,
Repinning at our ioyes that are about.

L 2

Let

For here though death hath and there more is

Is there hymn singer called George

These efforts were deemed to involve the best of
 the efforts that had been made in Europe to improve an
 the efforts that had been made in Europe to improve an

James F. Smith

3716

1602

Then have we done our duty all done
 To place dry faggots in case, the rest in water,
 For heere though death hath end, their souls
 The first begin to suffer, the second

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